

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crockett.

Vol. II.

Rutherfordton, N. C., Tuesday, June 30, 1868.

No. 22.

THE
Rutherford Star.
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J. B. CARPENTER & CO.
Rutherfordton, N. C.

POETRY.

LITTLE JERRY THE MILLER.

BY JOHN C. SAXE.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
Of twisting wood and cumbly stone;
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.
Year after year, early and late,
Alike in Summer and Winter weather,
He pecked the stones and tumbled the gate;
And mill and miller grew old together.

Afraid! What do you mean?" And the black eyes of her sister flashed in surprise. "What are you afraid of?"

"Enemies,"

"Why, who do you think would hurt you?"

"It is not for myself. It is for Pa."

"You frightened me," said Jennie, glancing around her involuntarily. I don't understand you. Explain yourself."

"You remember," Louise said, looking at her companion with that dreamy expression in her eyes, as if she was looking at some one far away, "last Monday, when cousin Frank was here he doctored me."

"Yes," said Jennie, pushing back her hair which the wind had swept into her face, and looking at her sister with mingled curiosity and anxiety.

"You remember he was in the Southern Army during the war, and never liked Pa, because he was a Union man?"

Jennie nodded, but the other went on—

"But when he was here, last Monday, you remember how kind he was to Pa?"

"Yes."

"Jennie, I believe Frank belongs to the Ku Klux and they are going to kill Pa."

"Oh, Louise!" exclaimed Jennie, grasping her sister's arm convulsively, "Frank would not do that."

"Frank don't want to. Last Monday, when he was about starting away, we were standing in the yard there, by that rose bush, talking. He seemed more dejected than ever, and I asked him what spell had come over him. He did not answer me for several minutes, and then asked if I could keep a secret. I laughed and told him yes. He made me promise not to reveal what he was going to say to any one but Pa. He then told me that Pa's life was in danger—that he had come that day to warn him, but could not gather courage to do it. I asked him what he meant, but just then he saw a man coming up the road, and sprang on his horse and rode off, without even saying good bye."

"Have you told Pa?" asked Jennie, after a long silence.

"Yes. He only laughed at me and said he has not an enemy in the world."

"But, they are murdering men every day."

"I told him this, and begged him to leave this part of the country, but he told me that an honest man was safe in any part of the country, while a dishonest one was safe no where."

"Jennie," said Louise, after another long interval of silence, "I believe they are coming here to-night."

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think it—I feel it."

Reader, do not attending spirits sometimes whisper to you to warn you of future events? If they do not, it is because you will not listen to them. You shut your eyes and stop your ears against them, and not wishing to receive their mysterious communications you make it impossible to receive them.

Here a boy, the only son of Randolph, started up from the shadow in which he had been sitting, so abruptly that the girls recoiled in horror.

He had been listening silently to the above conversation. To describe him we need only to say, that in his face and disposition was united those of his two sisters. He possessed the affectionate sentimental nature of Louise, united with Jennie's impulsive one.

Evening fell upon that valley, and the moon peeped down through the drifting clouds, as if it knew the doom that was hanging over that house which nestled so quietly among the trees in the centre of the valley. But coming events cast no shadow upon the spirit of Randolph; and as the clock in the hall struck ten, he re-

tired to his couch, and soon slept as sweetly, as if there was no one on earth, who would harm a hair on his head. And he even believed this. Ah! how hard it is for us to realize that we have enemies who smile in our faces while they secretly plot our ruin. Thus it was with this unsuspecting man—at the same moment that he had laid himself upon his bed, resting in his fellow-men; a band of those whom he had never injured, started on their way to shed his blood.

There were two persons lingering in the balcony of Randolph's house, who seemed to prefer the night air to the oblivion of sleep. These were the daughters of Randolph.

The Randolph, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, young lady of eighteen was looking dreamily out on the landscape, watching the petticoats of moonlight clasping each other over the rugged mountains; while her sister, two years younger, was engaged in breaking off leaves from the branches of a tree, standing in front of them, and watching them whirling off in the wind.

"Tell me what you are thinking about, Louise," said the younger girl, pausing in her play and glancing at the other.

"I don't think you would like to hear."

"Oh yes, I would. What was it?"

"I will tell you, Jennie," said the other after hesitating, "though to explain myself I must tell what I promised not to. I am afraid."

"Afraid! What do you mean?" And the black eyes of her sister flashed in surprise. "What are you afraid of?"

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"I did not mean to frighten you so," he said, laughing so heartily, that all apologies lost effect. "I have been eavesdropping, Louise," he said, growing serious, "and I believe just as you do. All except their coming to night."

"And why not to-night, Charley?"

"Why, I think they would have been here before now. It is past eleven o'clock."

"They might be here in half an hour," said Louise. "They might be almost here now."

"I will get ready for them at any rate," said the boy after a pause, "I am going to bid Pa's revolver and place them by his bed. My revolver and rifle are already trim. Can you shoot, do you think, Louise?"

Louise shook her head with a smile.

"There is Ma's pistol, that silver mounted little thing," the boy continued, "I could load that for you. Poor Ma! the Ku Klux will never trouble her."

"Load it, Charley, and give it to me," said Jennie, "I will put it in my pocket."

Half an hour passed and this young soldier of thirteen announced all preparations made. After lingering on the balcony a few minutes, almost wishing for the Ku Klux to arrive he retired, and was soon asleep.

"Let us go and give up our watch to night," said Jennie, after Charley had gone, "It is now past midnight." Ah! could he have seen that serpent like band, not but one mile away, would slumber have been in her thoughts?

"You may go," said Louise, "I will come in a few minutes."

Louise lingered a few minutes and then went down to her father's room. The moonlight streamed at a window and fell upon his face. A firm intellectual face was his; but now as he slept, the lines in his face had faded out, revealing that quiet, affectionate nature, which had won the hearts of his neighbors. His black hair was slightly sprinkled with gray—the work of thought more than of age.

With that wild, undefined fear in her heart, Louise put her arms softly around his neck and laid her face against his—Then quietly soothed by his calm breathing she gradually forgot her fears and was sinking into unconsciousness, when a sound outside of the house—a low, harsh voice—roused her in an instant. She sprang to her feet and looked out—they were there; the bright moonlight revealed them distinctly. With a wild shriek she sprang from the window and sank powerless—almost fainting into a chair.

Randolph was on his feet in a moment.

"What is it?" he asked hurriedly.

Louise pointed to the window. He ran to it and looked out; but retreated as quickly, as a shower of balls came crashing in. A glance showed him his pistols lying on a table near him; and he seized them with a determination to sell his life as dearly as possible. Moving forward in a crouching attitude, until he reached the window he rose suddenly, and taking aim at the man nearest him, fired him to the ground—a corpse. He fell down instantly, and another shower of balls passed through the window over his head. Knowing that the instant he showed his head again, he would be shot, Randolph fled slowly back to the other side of the room. Then under cover of the darkness he fired again, and another volley from the bandits followed.

"Shall we not take our pistols, Pa; and kill as many as we can?" asked the fearless Charley.

"No, my son. It would do no good; and God forbid that I should take the life of any man, unless in self-defence."

Bidding each other good-bye, as one would when about to leap from a precipice, they passed out.

A yell of triumph, from the enemies, greeted their appearance—"Shoot the old rascal!" shouted Ashford.

A volley from the members of the Serpent, now coiled around them, and Randolph fell lifeless to the ground pierced by a dozen balls. With a shriek of anguish Louise fell fainting, upon the bleeding corpse. Jennie and Charley stood paralyzed, beside her; neither of them speaking or moving. The hideous band now gathered around them.

"Are there any others there?" demanded Ashford, of the boy; pointing toward the house.

"No."

"Then you fired on my men, did you?"

"I did, sir."

Without a word more, Ashford drew his revolver and fired; and the boy fell shot through the breast.

"Lie there and groan your d—d life away, you cursed little dog," sneered the brutal man, as Charley writhed in agony, he could not conceal. Then turning to Jennie.

The men now rushed upon the door, but it resisted their efforts. Another surging effort, and it swung open. The crack of a rifle, on the stairway, rang through the hall; and the foremost of the party entering, fell lifeless, just inside the door. It was Charley who fired this shot. Roused by the firing he had seized his arms and ran to his father's assistance. In an instant Randolph brought down another, upon the body of the first. Charley now drew a revolver, and he and his father commenced firing rapidly, but with precision, into the crowded doorway. The assaulting party, supposing there were several men defending the house, and knowing the immense advantage which those within possessed over them, retreated in disorder from the house; leaving five of their number dead, and carrying off two severely wounded.

When they had reached a safe distance, Ashford called his men together,

"Are you going to run, like cowards, from these few men?" he asked.

The men stood silent.

"What we cannot do by force, we must accomplish by stratagem. We must burn the house."

A yell of applause greeted this idea.

"We will let them get quiet and then set fire to the house. Then we will surround it, at a convenient distance, and shoot them as they run out."

"Kill all that show their heads!" instructed one.

"Kill all the men. The women and children we will spare for the present. We may have use for them." (Another yell of applause.)

After waiting a short time, two men made their way to the rear of the house and succeeded in setting fire to it without being discovered by the defenders. They then retired to the main body, who formed a circle around the devoted house and completely waited for the flames to drive out, or consume the inmates.

Where was Frank Randolph? Standing there, amid his fellow murderers; powerless to help those whom he loved, in spite of his fiery zeal for the Rebel cause, he watched the rising flames, mounting towards the stars. Ah! what were his feelings as he watched those slowly increasing flames, and looked in vain for the rescuing party.

Louise shook her head with a smile.

"There is Ma's pistol, that silver mounted little thing," the boy continued, "I could load that for you. Poor Ma! the Ku Klux will never trouble her."

"Load it, Charley, and give it to me," said Jennie, "I will put it in my pocket."

As soon as the others had disappeared in pursuit of the flying girl, this man tore off his mask, and white shroud, and hurried them from him; murmuring as he tried to call Louise to consciousness—

"If they catch Jennie, and come back, they will kill me—fool—wretch—demon, that I am."

Then turning, with almost superhuman speed, she bounded down the road.

With a horrid oath, Ashford sprang on his horse and started in pursuit, forgetting all else; followed by the rest of his party—all except the two wounded men; and another, who had been standing with folded arms, and heaving breast, looking on this scene.

"Shoot their horses, men," said the old man, as they approached. A volley, and the ghosts were dismounted; and standing in astonishment looking about them.

"I do not see the signal from the one who betrayed them. We must respect that. He has probably escaped, as there are only sixteen there now. Throw down your arms and surrender," he shouted aloud to them.

Ashford leaped as if he had been shot, when he heard the voice

The Star.

J. H. CARPENTER, Editor.

B. W. LEECH, Associate Editor.



RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Thursday, June 23, 1868.

Agents.

The following named gentlemen are hereby authorized to act as agents for THE STAR to receive and receipt for subscriptions, advertising, &c.

M. Pettingill & Co.—37 Park Row, New York and 10 State Street, Boston.
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N. S. HAMPTON, Polk County, " "
J. H. HARRIS, Columbus, " "
W. A. McCall, North Co., " "
A. W. SULLIVAN, Spruce Pine, Mitchell Co., Rev. W. H. Logan, Chimney Rock, " "
J. E. McFarland, Duncans Creek, " "

Premises.

To any person who will send us a Club for the STAR of 3 Subscribers with \$6, we will give a Copy of the Working Farmer, 1 Year, price \$1 50. For 5 Subscribers and \$10, we will give a Copy of the Church Union, 1 year, Price \$2. For 6 Subscribers and \$12, we will give a Copy of the National Freemason, 1 Year, price \$4 00.

National Republican Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT
GEN. U. S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

PROCLAMATION.

BY W. W. HOLDEN,

Gov. Elect of North Carolina.

In presence of authority vested in me by an act passed by the Congress of the United States, entitled "an act to admit the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, to representation in Congress," the members elect to the Legislature of North Carolina, chosen under and by virtue of the law of the United States of March 2nd, 1867, are hereby provided for the more efficient government of the rebel States," and the laws supplement thereto, are hereby notified to assemble in the City of Raleigh on Wednesday, the 1st day of July, anno Domini, 1868.

W. W. HOLDEN,
Gov. Elect of North Carolina.
Raleigh June 15, 1868.

The Star for the Campaign.
We offer the STAR from the 1st of July to the 15th of November, as a Campaign Paper, at the low rates of 75 cents per single copy, or to Clubs of not less than 10 names 50 cents per copy—cash in advance.

We make this offer in order to increase our list, and do what we can for our gallant standard bearers GRANT and COLFAX. Friends, Republicans, make up your Clubs now if you wish to be fully posted in the Campaign.

On the TRAMP.—We shall be absent from our post for a few days, but our Mr. Hayes will be on hand and will be glad to have our friends call and see him, and should you have any spare Greenbacks, he will be glad to receipt you for the STAR in exchange.

PERSONAL.—Our Senator, Capt Eaves, and Representative, J. M. Justice, from this county left for Raleigh a few days since. We hope they will arrive safe, and we take this occasion to say that no true Republicans will be in the Legislature than they are.

CAMPAGN BADGES.—We have just received from the manufacturer, B. W. Hitchcock, 98 Spring Street, New York, a nice lot of GRANT and COLFAX, Pins, &c., which we will sell at manufacturers prices, and call at our office.

DENTISTRY.—We are requested to state that Dr. PADDOTT will be in Marion about the 5th of July, prepared to do any work in his line of business.

AGENTS WANTED.—See the advertisement of Agents Wanted for the Life and Campaigns of General GRANT. We have been favored by the Publishers with the Preface to this work, and from a hasty perusal are satisfied that the Book will be well worth the price.

THE LEGISLATURE.—This body meets next Wednesday. We shall give the proceedings, if possible, throughout, as we know our readers desire to keep posted on the doings of the most important Session of the Legislature that has ever been in our day.

REMOVAL OF DISABILITIES.—Below we give a list of the names of persons whose disabilities have been removed, in the counties mentioned, by the Congress of the United States:

RUTHERFORD COUNTY.—G. W. Logan, Rufus Williams, Israel P. Sorrells, J. E. McFarland, W. B. Freeman, B. W. Andrew, Moses Wilkerson, Edward Hawn.

kins, K. J. McCrow, Eli Whistnant, Martin Walker, Willis Bradley, W. G. Mode, J. W. Mode, James H. Carpenter, James McFarland, John A. Carpenter, A. A. Scoggins, Smith McCurry, W. G. Wilson E. T. Carpenter, C. J. Sparks, L. L. Deek, A. Hollifield, H. H. Hooper, B. W. Barber, W. O. Wallace, A. C. Martin J. W. Gibson, and Jerry Jackson.

POLK COUNTY.—Martin Hamilton, Nelson Danican, J. H. Elliott, James A. McCall, John O'Brien, Thomas Ledbetter, Elijah Morgan, John T. Gregory, and Charles H. Webb.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—We take the following extract from the *Raleigh Standard*, and hope it will be acted upon, nothing can make the success of a campaign more certain than thorough organization:

"We would suggest to our friends that they organize Grant and Colfax Clubs, during the ensuing month, in order to be ready for the coming campaign.

"These clubs can be formed at each county seat, and acting under and with the Republican County committees, call meetings, provide speakers and distribute documents. Those who have a mind to turn, and are members of the party, can call and encourage their friends by forming a glee club to sing patriotic songs and national airs, and attend political meetings for this purpose. The peaceful appliances of free thought, free talk, free speech and free song, will be enough to secure the Republican candidates a large majority in North Carolina.

"When the Legislature meets a Central Grant Club should be organized at Raleigh."

The Raleigh Sentinel

"We tell them, in advance, that every weapon of legitimate warfare, which can possibly be employed, will be used to wrest these States from the hands of the Destructives and to place them in the National Democratic column in the Presidential election."—*Raleigh Sentinel*.

Manufactures in Western North Carolina.

It is not singular, what little interest

our most enterprising citizens take in

manufactures! Western North Carolina,

they are told, has water powers equal to

that of the whole of New England; and

they are proud of it.

But talk to them of attempting to use

this wealth which nature has given them

so lavishly, and they shrug their shoulders—“are afraid it won’t pay,” and turn again to digging in their own fields;

saying contentedly—“we can make money by producing, and it is not so uncertain as manufacturing is.”

Is Agriculture profitable in Western North Carolina? Their fields produce an average of fifteen bushels of corn, and six or eight bushels of wheat per acre.

The lands of the Western States produce four times as much, with the same amount of labor. When railroads are extended and multiplied, so that the producers in the West can transport their grain and stock easily, will it pay to continue farming here? Not unless the lands are greatly improved; and better agricultural implements used. But are the lands level enough to retain manure? And will the agricultural implements, used in the level Western States, ever be used successfully here? These are grave questions.

But let us look at our manufacturing advantages. Are we not nearer the cotton producers than the Northern manufacturers? Then can we not purchase cotton cheaper than they can? Will not the trees on our own mountains, make as good lumber as that procured at greater expense, by Northern manufacturers? Can we not make furniture of all kinds, &c., as cheap as they? Why not? Laborers are not paid as much in the cotton factories of the South as they are in those of the North, because the cost of living is not so much. Think about it—

Manufacturers in Western North Carolina could buy the raw material cheaper than those in the North. They would be nearer the consuming markets of the South, and could consequently sell goods cheaper on that account than their Northern brethren could. They could procure labor cheaper than those in the North. Here are three clear advantages, which we possess, over the manufacturers of the Northern and North Eastern States who have grown rich by manufacturing for the Southern Confederacy. Does any one say that we have not the talent, and genius, to compete successfully with our Northern brethren? We dispute it. We deny it emphatically. We are not one whit, their inferiors, mentally.

The system of slavery paralyzed our energies, and rendered enterprise useless and unnecessary. But the time has come when we must rise and act, if we would have a place in the moving world. How shall we do it? By producing, with the many disadvantages attending it? Or by manufacturing, with the many advantages which nature has placed at our feet to aid us. Look to your interest—people of Western North Carolina! And while Agriculture is not forgotten, or neglected, commence manufacturing—the most necessary articles first—afterwards *everything*. We cannot become a manufacturing people in a year, or in five years; but we must sooner or later become one, or others will sooner or later push us out and possess themselves of the manufacturing advantages which nature has given us.

General Scofield is a hearty supporter of the Grant and Colfax ticket.

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DELL BUSINESSES.—An exchange says: To excise dull business advertise. In some respects the dull season is the best time to advertise. There is more time for reading, and the papers are scanned more closely. Besides to stop advertising merely because business is dull, is simply to allow trade to grow duller, and you and your business to pass out of public recollection, or to be completely supplanted by some new and more enterprising rival who will advertise."

A dull story is told of an honest old farmer who, in attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over a fence, disengaging himself to save the animal on the other side of the rails sawing the air with his head and teeth, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and exclaimed: "Born yew afores, you needn't stand hawin' and scratchin', you farnel witter, you did it a purpose, dun' your ugly picture."

—A short while ago every Democratic paper in the country was loudly abusing Judge Chase. Now about four-fifths of them are nominated by the Fourth of July Convention. "Mr. Sherman, which is the ele-
gant and which is the monkey?" "Which ever you please, my dear; you pays your money and you take your choice."

Consider whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than from our ancestors—thinking it better to be boldy born; and striving so to live that our sons and sons' sons for ages to come might still lead their children reverently to the doors from which we had been carried to the grave say: "This was his house, this was his grave."

—Hall's Journal of Health tells tourists how to secure extra attention:

Take a pretty girl along; if you have not a daughter or sister, look around among your country cousins, and wherever you find her pay her expenses, and in the "long run" you will find it highly remunerative in the direction we have named. We have tried it and are really satisfied with our results. We never mind for our young child, and shall not forget the partialities shown us everywhere; the fact is, it made such an impression on our mind that we resolved that if we ever made an important journey again, we would arrange in some way to have some young, beautiful face along."

ENGAGING MANNEKIN.—There are a thousand pretty, little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foolish. The sweet smile be cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty, and inestimably enhances the latter, if it does exist.

A GREATFUL TIGER.—A Caged tiger had a fine day thrown to it, one day, for its dinner. Not being very hungry the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little victim. This quirkiness gave the dog courage and he began to lick the tiger's eyes, which were sore. This act seemed pleasant to the wild beast, and the dog continued it from time to time, till the eyes of the savage got well. The Tiger from that time took his tiny, four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of the food thrown into his den. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus you see even a fierce tiger can be grateful for the little favor. How much more, then, should children learn to be grateful to their friends for the great favors they have received? When I see boys and girls unkind and insulting to their parents, who have done and suffered so much for them, I tell them the story of the tiger and the dog, and say—"Children, don't be less grateful to your kind parents than the tiger to the little dog."

THE CAROLINA FARMER.

Believing that the interests of the farmers and planters of this section demanded the publication of a periodical to be devoted to the advancement of agriculture in the two Carolinas, we have determined to establish such a periodical under the title of *The Carolina Farmer*, and will issue the first number as soon as sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to pay a reasonable share of the expense of publication.

Farmer will be issued monthly at \$2.00 per number in advance, and will contain not less than thirty-two large double-column pages of rowing matter, bound in handsome covers and in typographical execution will not be surpassed by any agricultural monthly in the country.

Being determined to do whatever energy will accomplish in making the *Farmer* worthy the support of the intelligent planters and farmers of North Carolina; and desiring to introduce it into every county in the State, we will offer a premium of five dollars to any postmaster, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

Our exchanges in the two Carolinas will confer a favor, which we will be glad to recompence, by giving this announcement a few insertions in their advertising columns, with such editorial comment as they think the probable value of such a periodical as we propose publish may justify.

Address all communications to Wm. H. Bernard, Wilmington, N. C.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep! The circle of sorrow, agonized hearts around produce not a sound. Is it that he hearts and stiff already in the chill of desolation? That cannot be—he asks for his father's hand as to gain strength in the mental struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother and sister, with still consciousness affection: and just before expiring, at even after a long day's converse with the angel of summer, he says to his brother—last audible "goodnight" of earth—"Kiss me, kiss!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with a higher, holier being. With the Father in Heaven and his angel throng, led by the Son himself, and what are the griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion.

Gen. GRANT'S LETTER.—An exchange says: Gen. GRANT's letter, accepting the Republican nomination for President, is a gem, and the paper are scanned more closely. Besides to stop advertising merely because business is dull, is simply to allow trade to grow duller, and you and your business to pass out of public recollection, or to be completely supplanted by some new and more enterprising rival who will advertise."

Gen. GRANT characterizes the proceedings of the National Convention as having been marked by "wisdom, moderation and patriotism,"—and he is unquestionably right in believing that they express the feelings of the great mass of those who "sustained their country during its recent trials." No Convention has ever met which more fully embodied the sentiments and opinions of the people than did the Convention at Chicago.

Of the resolutions adopted, and of his own sentiments on the subjects involved in the canvass, Gen. GRANT proceeds to say:

"I endorse their resolutions, and it elected to the office of President of the United States it will be my endeavor to administer all the law in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least difficult, to do much for the public welfare, but it is important to get a wing through an administration of four years. New political issues not foreseen are constantly arising, the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. *Peace and universal prosperity, its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burdens of taxation, while it constantly reduces the National debt.* LET US HAVE PEACE."

No language could more fully or more explicitly embody the dominant wish of the American people than that with which the General closes his letter "LET US HAVE PEACE."

It is the wish nearest the heart of all classes, all States and all sections.

PEACE—a settled just and permanent peace, not merely the end of war, but the end of the discord, resentment and hatred which served the War.

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POETS' CORNER,

AGRICULTURAL.



"He that by the plow would thieve,
Himself must either hel or drive."

Popping Corn.

And there they sat—a-popping corn,
John Still and Susan Cotter;
John Still was stout as my ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And naked and stried the fl^e,
And tugged of different kind of ears,
And hatched their chain up higher.

Then Susan, she the popper shoo,
And John he shoo the popper,
Till both their rays grew as red
As a sunrise-pink made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-popping.
And naked and stried her r^e marks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a hopper.)
And stried the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shock the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
The clock struck eleven, the clock struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter?"

Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Sitter, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

CLIPPINGS.

Cold biting weather—mosquito time.
Cold the best motive for traveling—locomotive.

Wanted for chemical purposes—A lady dissolved in tears."

Cold never lose an opportunity, for fear your enemy might find it.

Cold to all who are thirsting for fortune we say, "Ho, ye that thirst."

Cold a large portion of the Democratic party is at present on a wild goose Chase.

Cold Wendell P. Phillips attacks General Grant. He is also severe on Free Masons.

Cold It is good for a man to be sometimes alone especially if he has his sweetheart with him.

Cold An exchange says "the Democratic party is the only one with a history." Judas Iscariot also has a history.

Cold McCool is going to renounce prize-fighting and try to be a Democratic Congressman. His chances are good.

Cold Some enthusiast proposes to put Jefferson Davis second on the ticket with the Chief Justice.

Cold An intelligent Northern Ohio Democrat recently said: "I like Johnson well enough, but why does he give a postoffice to that fool Nasby?"

Cold A widower of eighty and a widow of seventy eight, were lately married in England. "There never was a goose so" great as these.

Cold General Grant having served his country faithfully and successfully as a military man, the people are now consenting that he shall go the "grand round."

Cold Class is leaning toward the Democracy, and the Democracy is leaning toward inevitable destruction. Poor Salmon, you'll be caught with a fickle bg.

Cold A sixteen year old man has married a sixteen year old female child at Salem, Indiana. Two fools that want a single bed two hearts and neither won.

Cold A Western paper records the marriage of Samuel Mann and Sarah Price—an other illustration of the saying that "every man has his price."

Cold The Nashville Gazette says "there is a moral probability that George Hunt Pendleton will be our nominee, and there is a moral" certainty that he will not be elected.

Cold Deferred justice is sometimes cruelly. A French soldier has just been sentenced to be shot for having deserted to the Russian army during the Crimean war thirteen years ago.

Cold The Republicans have announced their determination to make Gen. Grant President of the United States, and early in November next, the historian will write, "and it came to pass."

Cold An old gentleman whose style was Germanized was asked what he thought of signs and symbols. Well, I don't drink much of dem drings and I don't believe avrydring; but I dells you sometimes dear is some drings in soothings ash does drings, deader yet I sit and read mine newspaper, and mine frats she speak nad say:

"Fritz, de dog ish howling!"

Well, I don't drink much of dem drings and I goes on und reads mine paper, and mine frats she say:

"Fritz, der ish somedings pad ish happen—de dog ish howling!"

"Und ish d'g' on mit mineself and looks out troo de wires on de porch, und de moon was shin, und de moon, und he shomp right up und down like avrydring, und he park at de moon, dat was shin so bright ash never was. Und ash I hauled minet he ish vinder, de old woman she says:

"Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some ish happen—de dog ish howling."

"Well, I goes to pet and I sleep, and all night long I vakes up dere was dat dog howling outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howling worse ash never. Und in de mornin' I kites up and kites mine breakfast, and mine frats she looks at me and say werry soom:

"Fritz, der ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog was howling all night!"

"Und shoots den de news paper come in, I opens him—and by slings, vot you dinks I dare vas a man died is Philadelphia!"



"He that by the plow would thieve,
Himself must either hel or drive."

AGRICULTURAL.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in this City of Chicago, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the Reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States, in violation of Constitutional rights, of Equal Civil and Political Rights to all, and in the duty of the Government to sustain those institutions and to prevent the people of such States from being reneged in a taste of anarchy.

2. The guaranty by Congress of Equal Suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained; while the question of Suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

3. Dip well seasoned shingles in lime wash, and dry them before laying, and they will not heat, warp, or crack the least in the sun.

4. In hitching a horse to a common rail or worm fence, always select the inside corner, which will be more secure by its bracing position, and the halter will not become entangled among the projecting ends of the rails as when hitched on the outside corner.

5. First tie a halter by making first a single loop, and then thrusting the end of the halter through this loop. This is quickly untied, and will never become entangled.

6. Dip the ends of nails into grease, and they will drive easily into any hard wood, where otherwise they would double and break.

7. In screwing nuts into any part of machinery in cold weather, be partical to heat to them with the hands, or they will contract after being screwed on tight, and become immovable afterwards.

8. In setting out young orchards, always register the varieties immediately in a book, where they may be referred to in a few years, when the trees commence bearing, and after the labels are lost and the names forgotten.

9. In laying out a garden for fruits and vegetables, place every thing in drills or rows, so that they may be cultivated by a horse, and thus save the expense of hand labor.

10. Plant a patch of osier willow on every farm. A rod square will furnish as many hands for binding cornstalks, straw, &c., as an acre of rye straw.

11. Remove every stone from the track in the highway. A single projection, which might have been removed in one minute, has battered and injured a thousand wagons, at a damage equal to a hundred days' labor.

12. When board fences become old and the boards begin to come off, nail upright facing strips upon them against each post, and the boards will be held to their place, and the fence last several years longer.

13. Always set a post fence over a ditch or near a good drainage, and posts always remain dry and will last many years longer than those standing in wet subsoil.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

James T. B. Stowe, E. F. Rice, George C. Gorham, Daniel Witter, H. M. Starkweather, Newton Edmunds, Ed. F. Bradford, J. H. Caldwell, John C. Henry, Cyrus M. Allen, Joshua Fletcher, John A. Martin, Allen A. Barton, M. H. Southworth, Lewis Baker, Charles C. Fulton, William Clafin, —— Giddings, John F. Avery, A. C. Fish, Benjamin Loan, S. Wilson, E. P. Taylor, Charles F. Delong, W. E. Chandler, James Gossip, Horace Greeley, William Sloan, B. R. Cowan, H. W. Corlett, W. H. Kemble, Lyman Frieze, James H. Jenks, James H. Stokes, A. J. Hamilton, W. Burke, Franklin Stearns, Samuel D. Kurns, David Atwood.

To Boil Cabbage.—It is said by one who professes to know that the best way to cook cabbage is to cut it up and boil in a bag. It is more palatable and tender.

COTTON SOCKS next the skin, and woolen socks outside of them, are represented as sure to cure gouty feet. Make a leather thimble, fill it with composition and insert the finger therein, and a cure for a felon is shure.

Take a pint of common soft-soap, and stir in air-slaked lime till it is of consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with composition and insert the finger therein, and a cure for a felon is shure.

BRILLIANT SPORTING AND ENTERTAINING WITH EXQUISITE NOVELTIES IN BOOKS.

CHARMING STORIES; RIDDLES; REBUSES; also beautiful and exciting TOYS for girls and boys.

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS, mailed free. YEARLY, \$1.50, with a beautiful two-blade Paul Pocke

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WHITE & HOWARD, Richmond, Va.

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A MONTHLY PERIODICAL, of Foreign Literature. Edited by Rev. M. D. Howe, D. D. and Rev. W. B. Brown, D. D.

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